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1874

# Please God, make room for a Little Boy!

Sidney Graves  
*Composer*

Dexter Smith  
*Lyricist*

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In Memory of "YOUNG AMERICUS," Master James Speaight, the Boy Violinist.

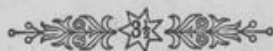
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# "PLEASE GOD, MAKE ROOM FOR A LITTLE BOY!"



WRITTEN BY  
**Dexter Smith.**

MUSIC BY  
**Sidney Graves.**



BOSTON:  
**White & Goulland,**

86 TREMONT STREET.

New York: W. A. FOND & CO.

Chicago: THEO. J. ELMORE & CO.

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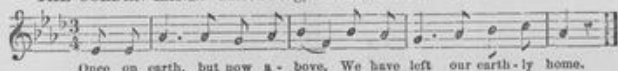
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1874  
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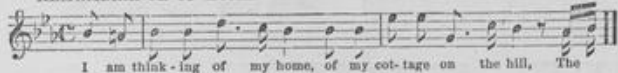
# Thematic Catalogue of Popular Songs

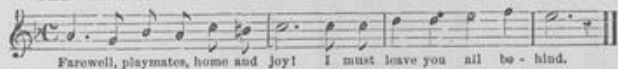
PUBLISHED BY


**White & Gould, 86 Tremont St. Boston.**

KISS ME, DARLING! FOLD ME CLOSER. H. P. DANKS. 35 cts.  
  
 Kiss me, darling, fold me clos-er To thy warm-ly beat-ing heart.

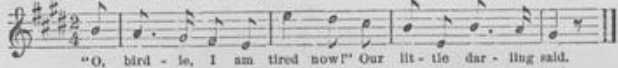
THE GOLDEN LAND. Sacred Song, Duet and Chorus. CHAS. HOMER. 35 cts.  
  
 Once on earth, but now a - bove, We have left our earth-ly home.

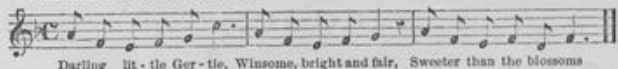
REMEMBRANCE OF HOME. GUS. WILLIAMS. 35 cts.  
  
 I am think-ing of my home, of my cot-tage on the hill, The

THE WANDERING BEGGAR GIRL. L. E. HICKS. 40 cts.  
  
 Farewell, playmates, home and joy! I must leave you all be-hind.

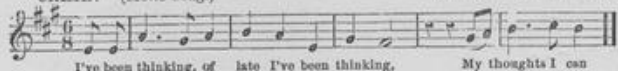
NOBODY CARES FOR ME. WM. ADRIAN SMITH. 35 cts.  
  
 Slow-ly the shadows are break-ing A-way from my path-way bright.

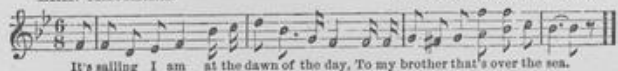
LITTLE SWEETHEART, COME AND KISS ME. W. H. BROCKWAY. 35 cts.  
  
 Lit-tle sweetheart, come and kiss me Just once more be-fore I go!


HER LITTLE BED IS EMPTY. DEXTER SMITH. 35 cts.  
  
 "O, bird-le, I am tired now!" Our lit-tle dar-ling said.

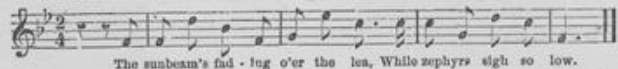
DARLING LITTLE GERTIE. H. MILLARD. 40 cts.  
  
 Darling lit-tle Ger-tie, Winsome, bright and fair, Sweeter than the blossoms

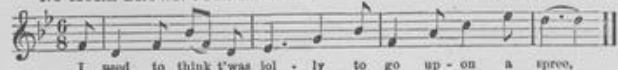
DARLING'S GONE BEFORE. GEO. F. MORRIS. 35 cts.  
  
 In our dreams they lin-ger near us, Love they whis-per then.

CRIME! (Motto Song.) GUS. WILLIAMS. 35 cts.  
  
 I've been thinking, of late I've been thinking, My thoughts I can

ERIN MACHREE. AMBROSE DAVENPORT. 35 cts.  
  
 It's sailing I am at the dawn of the day, To my brother that's over the sea.

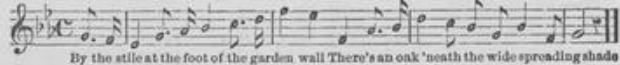
THE HEAVENLY HILL. Sacred Song and Chorus. CHAS. HOMER. 35 cts.  
  
 Lit-tle wand'ers whith-er go-ing! Hand in hand up-on your way.

'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE. H. P. DANKS. 35 cts.  
  
 The sun-beam's fad-ing o'er the lee, While zephyrs sigh so low.

NO MORE BROWN JUGS FOR ME. DEXTER SMITH. 15 cts.  
  
 I used to think 't was jol-ly to go up-on a spree,

SENT, POST PAID, TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

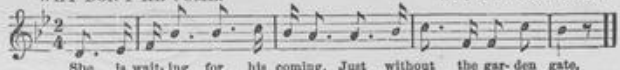
LITTLE BOY BLUR. T. BRIGHAM BISHOP. 40 cts.  
  
 Un-der the hay-stack Lit-tle Boy Blue Watches his wan-der-ing sheep.

SOMEBODY'S WAITING. CHAS. H. ATKINSON. 35 cts.  
  
 By the stile at the foot of the garden wall There's an oak 'neath the wide spreading shade

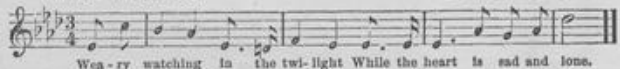
WALKING IN THE LANE. W. H. BROCKWAY. 35 cts.  
  
 It's nice to take a pleas-ant stroll Up-on the crowd-ed street.

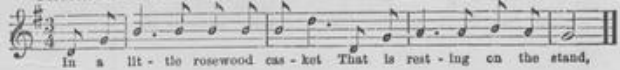
CARRIE WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR. J. AMBURN. 35 cts.  
  
 I've just now return'd from the Op-er-a, Where ma-sic and beau-ty are found.

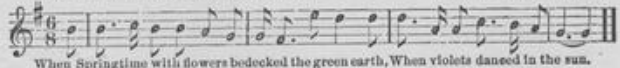
SOME ONE'S COMING. LOUIS FREDERIC. 30 cts.  
  
 How - - - bud's wait - - - ing, all a - - - lone.


WHY DON'T HE COME. W. O. PERKINS. 30 cts.  
  
 She is wait-ing for his coming, Just without the gar-den gate,

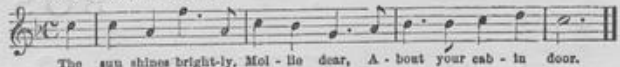
GENTLE SPIRITS LINGER NEAR ME. L. E. HICKS. 35 cts.  
  
 Spir-it forms are hov'ring nigh, As I sit so sad and lone,

WEARY WATCHING. E. N. CATLIN. 35 cts.  
  
 Wea-ry watching in the twi-ght While the heart is sad and lone.

PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS. E. N. CATLIN. 35 cts.  
  
 In a lit-tle rosewood cas-ket That is rest-ing on the stand,

BABY'S TRESS OF GOLDEN HAIR. DEXTER SMITH. 35 cts.  
  
 When Springtime with flowers bedecked the green earth, When violets danced in the sun.

LITTLE DOTTY'S VISION. LOUIS FREDERIC. 40 cts.  
  
 O who is watching by my side, With sweet and ten-der care.

BARNEY'S COURTSHIP. DEXTER SMITH. 35 cts.  
  
 The sun shines bright-ly, Mol-lie dear, A-bout your cab-in door.

ANGELS WATCHING. CHAS. HOMER. 35 cts.  
  
 Rest thy lit-tle head so wea-ry, On this pil-low soft and white.

GERMAN BAND. GUS. WILLIAMS. 35 cts.  
  
 That lit-tle Ger-man Band, That lit-tle Ger-man Band.

GILES & GOULD, Music Printers, 80 Washington St., Boston.

# "Please God, make room for a Little Boy!"

(These were the last words of "Americus," the well-known child violinist, seven years of age, who expired very suddenly during the night of January 10th, 1874, in Boston. So quietly did his spirit take its flight, that his father, who occupied the same room, although hearing his son make the foregoing exclamation, thought the boy was talking in his sleep, and was horrified to find the little child cold in death, in the morning.)

Written by DEXTER SMITH.

Music by SIDNEY GRAVES.

MODERATO.



1. "Good - night, fa-ther!" said our dar - ling,	As he sank to sweet re - pose;.....
2. When night draped her sa - ble cur - tain,	Hang - ing folds up - on each star, .....
3. He was wea - ry of the strug - gle,	Dis - cords jarred up - on his soul; .....

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1 Like a bird his glee-ful mu-sic, Died a-way at twilight's close:..... And a smile came o'er his  
 2 Came a ha-lo soft and lustrous, Streaming o'er the window bar:..... And we heard our darling  
 3 And his gen-tle spir-it left us, Waft-ed to the heavenly goal;..... He has room among the

1 fea-tures, Ra-di-ant with ho-ly joy,..... As if angels came to whisper  
 2 mur-mur, As the brightness lit his face,..... "Please God, make me room in Heaven,  
 3 an-gels, He is freed from sin and care:..... God, who watcheth e'en the sparrow,

*ritard.* *ritard.*  
 1 Tid-ings to our lit-tle boy,..... "Good-night, father!" said our darling, As he sank to sweet re-  
 2 Make your lit-tle boy a place!"..... "Good-night, father!" said our darling, As he sank to sweet re-  
 3 An-swered lit-tle Jimmie's prayer,..... "Good-night, father!" said our darling, As he sank to sweet re-

pose;..... Like a bird his gleeful mu-sic Died a-way at twilight's close.....

*colla voce.* *ritard.*

Please God, make room for a little boy.